VOL. 2 No. 11 March 15, 1963 50¢

the Rockwell Report

24 HOURS WITH GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

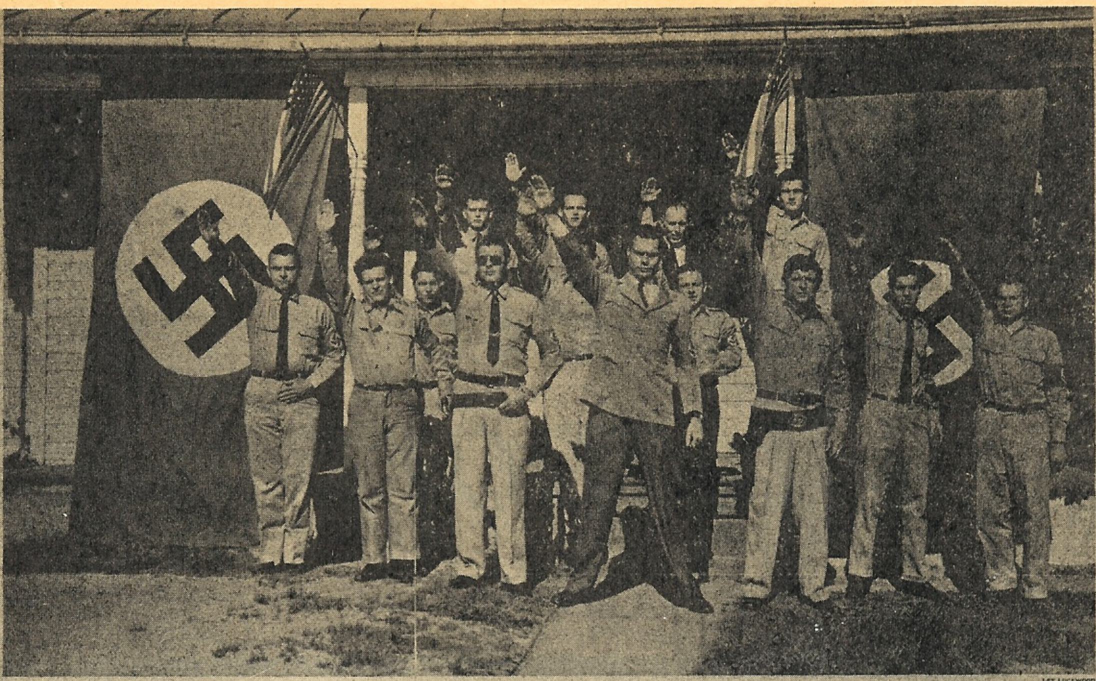
Official Publication of the American Nazi Party

THE ROCKWELL REPORT is published fortnightly by the American Nazi Party at 928 N. Randolph St., Arlington, Virginia, U. S. A. Single copy, 50¢. One year, mailed first class in plain, unmarked envelope, $10, Air Mail, $11. One month, $1. Clippings welcomed.

A Few Words Concerning This Picture

It was taken recently
a few miles outside Washington, D.C.
It shows George Lincoln Rockwell (right center)
and his followers
on the doorstep of the
American Nazi Party headquarters

by NORMAN PODHORETZ



LEE LOCKWOOD

Is this a joke? Who are these people? What can they possibly think they are doing? Are they dangerous? Are they real?

One studies the faces, the postures, the clothes, the ramshackle frame house. (From somewhere—perhaps the look of alien Brooklyn streets in one's childhood—comes an intimation of threat at the sight of those white posts and the slats behind.) The faces tell nothing that one has not always known. One was surrounded by such faces in high school, in the Army. Alien, like the house; they hated Jews, one could smell it; there was reason for fear. Yet staring at them now: *these* are Nazis? these sad sacks incapable even of standing properly at attention?—it is for all the world as though the Nazis were a great work of art and one were a critic protesting a miserably untalented imitation.

But then one remembers photographs of the Nazis in the early days, before power conferred its magnificence upon them: not so ragged a crew as this, but a motley rabble all the same. Is it, then, foolish to be merely disgusted at the spectacle of Rockwell? (How much taller he is than Hitler, and how much better-looking, even with his jacket wrenched inelegantly out of shape by the Nazi salute.) Ought one—ought a Jew—to be afraid? *(Hath not a Nazi awkwardness? Doth he not wear unpressed pants?)* Is there any difference between the human material that gathered around Hitler in the beer halls of Munich in the Twenties and the human material standing here in front of a frame house in Arlington, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington, D.C.? There is no difference. The swastika says there is none. But if not in the human material, where? Between Germany in 1922 and the United States of America in 1963?

Germany in 1922: one thinks of all the books and all the articles that have tried to explain. How It Happened. Why It Happened. Who Was Responsible? Could It Have Been Stopped? Can It Happen Here? Titles and authors swarm in the mind. *The Origins of Totalitarianism. Der Fuehrer. The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. Judgment at Nuremberg.* Konrad Heiden (whatever became of him, first brilliant historian of the Nazis?). Hannah Arendt. Bruno Bettelheim. David Rousset. Historical analyses, sociological analyses, psychological analyses, metaphysical analyses. And arguments and angry voices and college bull sessions and endless editorials on the Eichmann Trial: was it an aberration or an exposure of the hidden truth of Western civilization; was it peculiar to Germany or an instance of a general phenomenon? Complexities, erudition, subtleties; one truth pitted against another truth; brilliance baffling brilliance, until judgment becomes impossible and all lessons are lost.

The United States of America in 1963, and again the epithets and the titles swarm about. *The Affluent Society. The Lonely Crowd. Growing Up Absurd. The Liberal Imagination. The Paper Economy. The Warfare State.* But does one know anything about the United States of America in 1963? One lives here, works here, raises children here; one was born here; one was educated here; one travels here. Suddenly, there is violence in the air over a twenty-two-word prayer in the New York public schools (religion, one's friends will say and the books will say, means nothing *really* in America any more), and on a Sunday afternoon (game six of the Series rained out again), a Princeton professor is moderating a television "debate" between a segregationist impudently speaking in the name of civilization (he is the editor of a great American newspaper) and a Negro novelist with more civilization in the parings of his fingernails, impossibly asked to refute the contention that Negroes are an inferior race. And one realizes that one knows nothing about this country, nothing at all, hardly more than one knows about Munich in 1922, hardly more than one can learn from books by people who hardly know more than one knows oneself.

Could it happen here?

One refuses to believe that it could. The conditions, one tells oneself, are wrong, and there are the learned authorities to support the assurance. But are the conditions wrong for something so like it to happen that the distinctions would become the delight of pedants? This time no learned authorities help, but there are the nightmares—sufficiently learned themselves—of military dictatorship in a garrison state and the docile falling-in of the decent, the frightened, the blind, just as they fell in so easily in Germany—the Legislatures, the Civil Service, the Universities, the Unions, the Judiciary, the Bar. It could happen here: one is a fool to think it could not. Yet not so great a fool as these fools heiling and sneering at one from Arlington, Virginia, to think it could happen and be called by the name of Nazi. Not in America. That much one knows about America. In America, the wise man said, never look for things to be called by their true names, never look for truth to travel the streets undisguised.

Meanwhile, here are Nazis standing uncaged in Arlington, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington, D.C., and one remembers Auschwitz. And then one also remembers—with self-disgust as much as with intellectual and political pride—that one could not find [illegible] heart to support the Mayor of the City of New York when he refused to grant Rockwell a permit to speak in the public parks. ##

Every day I receive letters from all over the country--and the world--which indicate that the writers have no faint notion of what we are doing or what life is like here at headquarters.

There was even a nurse who came here at considerable expense because she wanted her ex-husband beaten up, and her local police department had told her we would bash her old man for a proper fee!

I can thoroughly understand why people would imagine such things, what with the massed lies of the Jews being reinforced by the even worse lies of right-wing "leaders" who are now, with the single exceptions of Conde McGinley and General Walker, reporting that we are working for the Jews and/or Moscow. (One of our members recently attended Hoggis' "Midnight Ride" session in Jacksonville, and the fat faker actually told people my wife was a COMMUNIST--and her father is the COMMUNIST LEADER IN ICELAND!)

One of the more subtle misrepresentations is the recent spread in Esquire (March) in which they printed a picture taken THREE YEARS AGO as a "recent picture."

ALL of the people in the picture--except for myself, Major Morgan and Roger Foss are now GONE--kicked out, ran out or turned rat. Our headquarters has been painted and repaired, the flags shown have been seized by Jew-pressured courts, and our top-quality officers and men are now SHARP and disciplined. But this is an article entitled "A Jew Looks at the American Nazis,"--so lies are to be expected. (I have suggested to Esquire that I write a follow-up article for them entitled "An American Nazi Looks at the Jews." We would, of course, include a picture of a herd of dirty bearded kikes in kaftans and beanies getting off the boat from Russia at the turn of the Century, and caption it, "A recent picture of some typical Jews." But Esquire has shown little interest in my proposal.)

In spite of all the misrepresentations and lies of both left and right, however, it is shocking--and discouraging--to read some of the letters I get even from our oldest and most faithful friends who simply cannot imagine what goes on here--and in our other headquarters around the nation.

Apparently it is just IMPOSSIBLE for most people to imagine how we get such RESULTS under the conditions in which we operate. We are SO SUCCESSFUL in putting out TOP QUALITY printed pieces and smashing the Jew paper curtain with operations like the "Hate Bus," the picketing of "Exodus" and beating the British "ban" on my visit, etc.--that even friends who know us personally get the feeling that running the Party is a pretty normal affair, and chide me for a "hell of a way to run a business"!

BUSINESS!

We are doing our damndest to get things on a businesslike basis, and we are SUCCEEDING!

But this is no "business"!

The Jews are now screaming for UN action to stop us--and Senator Claude Pepper of Miami Beach has just introduced a bill to outlaw our symbol and name in the U.S. Congress. Our publications are sought after and pounced on all over the WORLD. Our book, THIS TIME THE WORLD, is being printed in a tremendous second edition, the STORMTROOPER is selling on NEWSSTANDS in spite of all the Jews can do, a color motion picture and a long-playing record of one of my speeches is in the works, and this ROCKWELL REPORT is now read by most Washington newsmen and top officials --when they can get it! (Incidentally, our re-subscription rate to the ROCKWELL REPORT is over 99%!!! Those who are familiar with the publishing business will recognize that as just about a world's record for ANY publication! Only ONE subscriber has ever let his subscription lapse!)

With all of this booming success and our professional-quality work, I can understand why many people would get the idea that this is a sort of normal "business," and that they have a right to expect "business-like" response from us, such as they would get from "Life" (we call it "Left"), "The Cross and the Flag," or the "Thunderbolt," etc.--publications of organizations devoted EXCLUSIVELY to publishing as a BUSINESS.

This ROCKWELL REPORT will be devoted to presenting as accurate as possible picture of HOW our success is being accomplished, with emphasis on DETAILS--the day-to-day struggle to keep FIGHTING MEN alive, out of jail, out of the insane asylum, fed, housed, inspired, organized and, most of all--FIGHTING for our White Race and our American Constitution.

The Jews will take a good bit of pleasure in what follows. They like to know how hard and hot they make it for us. But I think it will help OUR people to know precisely what is going on here and to understand WHY they sometimes get the feeling nobody here cares about their orders, their letters and even their sacrificial gifts.

When I first determined to write this piece, I decided one of the best ways to picture the BATTLE here would be for me to set down in minute detail the journal of my OWN activity for just one day, along with documentary photographs of things as they ARE--not as we would like them.

All the pictures in this ROCKWELL REPORT are UNPOSED, UNDOCTORED, absolutely accurate representations of each thing as it actually IS--as we experience it every day. There is a natural tendency for people to want to "fix up" for photos,

Pumping Schedule
and
Priority of Water Usage

6:30--Pump on; pressure up to 30-40.
Heater on; bleed air out of system.
Flush toilets.
Shaving, light washing.
7:00--One bath (see schedule).
7:30--Other usage.
10:00--Pump off: Heater off.
4:00--Pump on; pressure up to 30-40.
Heater on; bleed air out of system.
Flush toilets.
Kitchen usage only.
6:00--Pump off; Heater off.
10:00--Pump on; Heater on.
One bath.
10:30--Pump off; Heater off.

Frank Niles serving breakfast of oatmeal and coffee... Notice right-hand sheet on bulletin board which is reproduced photostatically at the right.

but I forbade it. I pledge, upon my honor, to every reader, that these pictures are DOCUMENTARY and TRUE representations of just what we are living through NOW.

First, let's take the Esquire smear. It is NOT true! To prove it, I have assembled some of the men here who were not working at outside jobs, and posed them in the same place as the three-year-old picture in Esquire. Outside of uniform costs, there is no expense in being SHARP and disciplined. So we have accomplished that, as you can see for yourself.

Now let's set down my own activity.

0600 Down to galley for coffee. No water. Outside to help Frank Niles trying to prime broken pump. Photograph the operation. Get trickle of water into pan for coffee, another trickle to wash and comb hair.

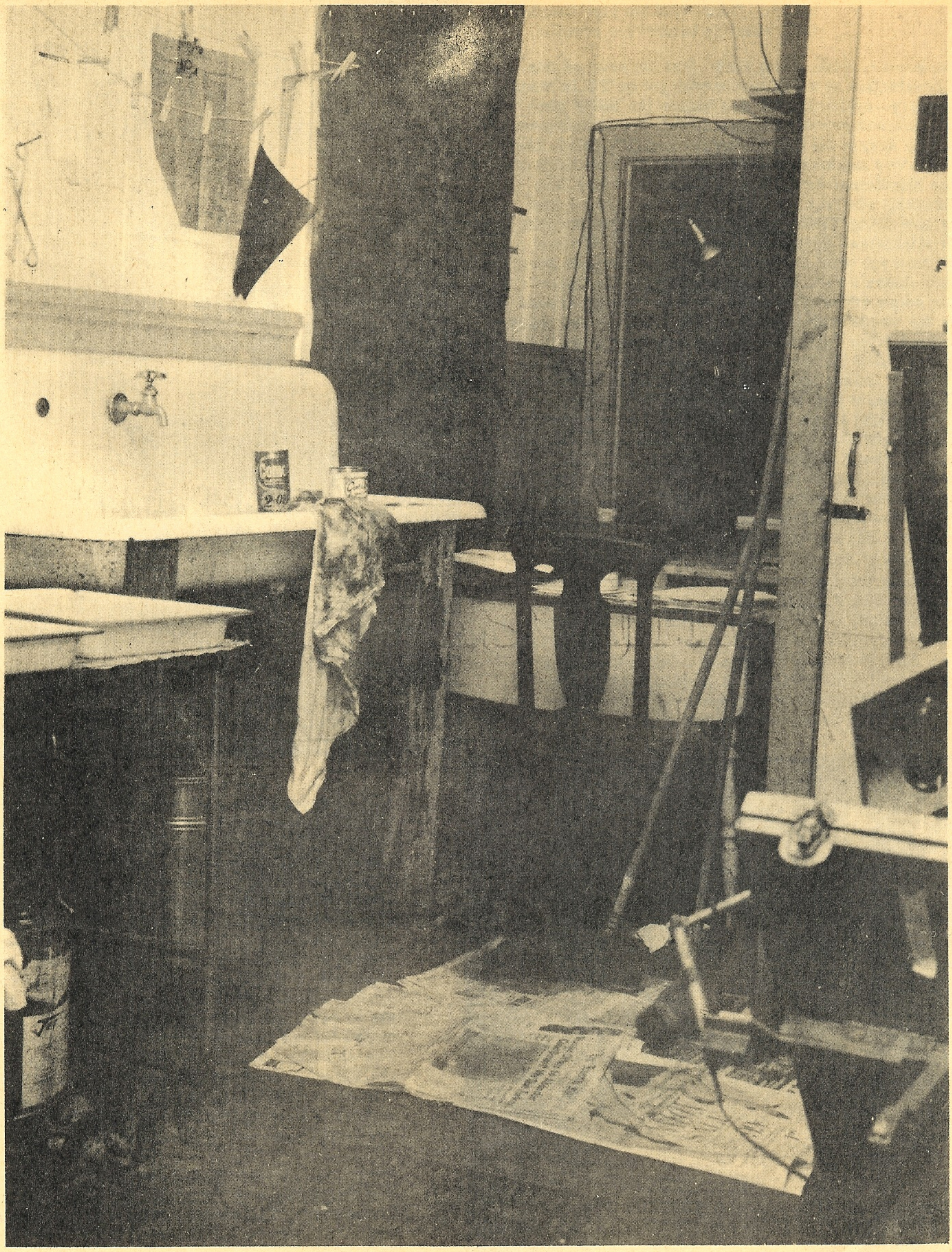
0615 Commence writing speech to be delivered at Nasson College in Maine.

0650 Downstairs for second cup of coffee. Niles has water working and cooking oatmeal for troops. I take a bowl upstairs. Notes for speech finished--write thank-you letters to two people who have contributed.

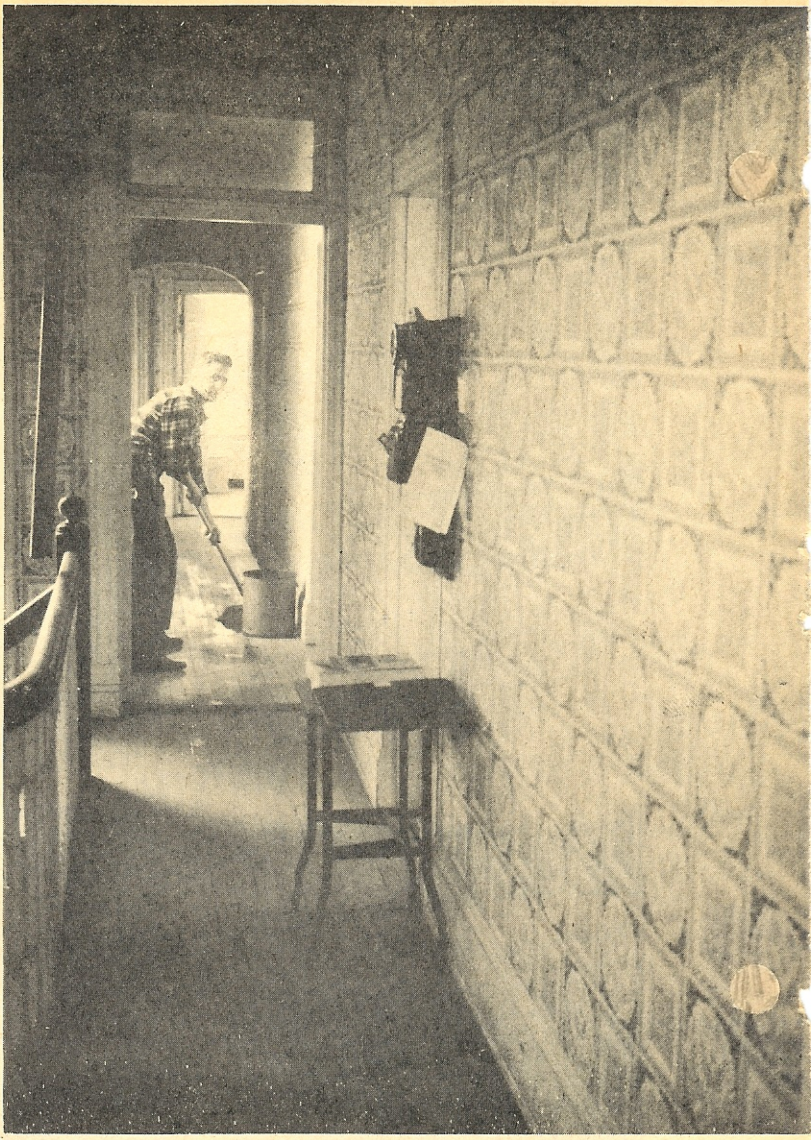
0700 Frank bangs on the pipe outside my door for reveille. Line forms for the bathroom. Toilet stopped-up from usage all night without water to flush. Search for "plumber's helper." It works.

0715 I put on a record of Hebrew songs and groans in the passageway extra loud, to drive sleepy-heads out of bed. They hate it and come running out. I return to typewriter for work on

At left, Niles going down the well to prime the pump. At right, the little daughter of Lt. & Karen Forbes crying at 6:30 a.m.--which isn't appreciated by the troops. She crawls out from under her blankets in the cold and screams like a good little Nazi for the powdered milk formula she gets like the rest of us.

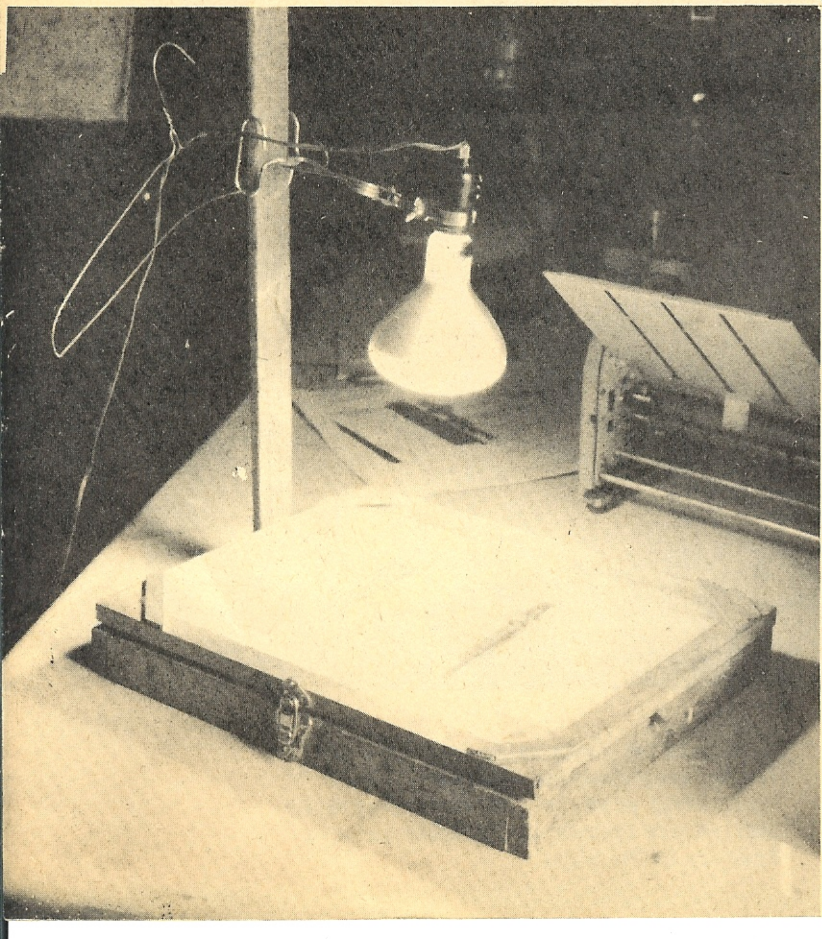


UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE! We took this picture of what we must use as a "dark room" when I got utterly disgusted one day. This is EXACTLY as it looks, with no hot water, damned little heat, and the room being used to make lunch, keep cleaning equipment, wash up by dirty printers, and for photography. Part of our rickety lithographic camera appears at the right.



Right: Capt. Koehl scrubs the 2d deck passage way. Note the pay phone on the wall at right next to my door--all we can afford--and the pipe hanging at left, which is banged for reveille.

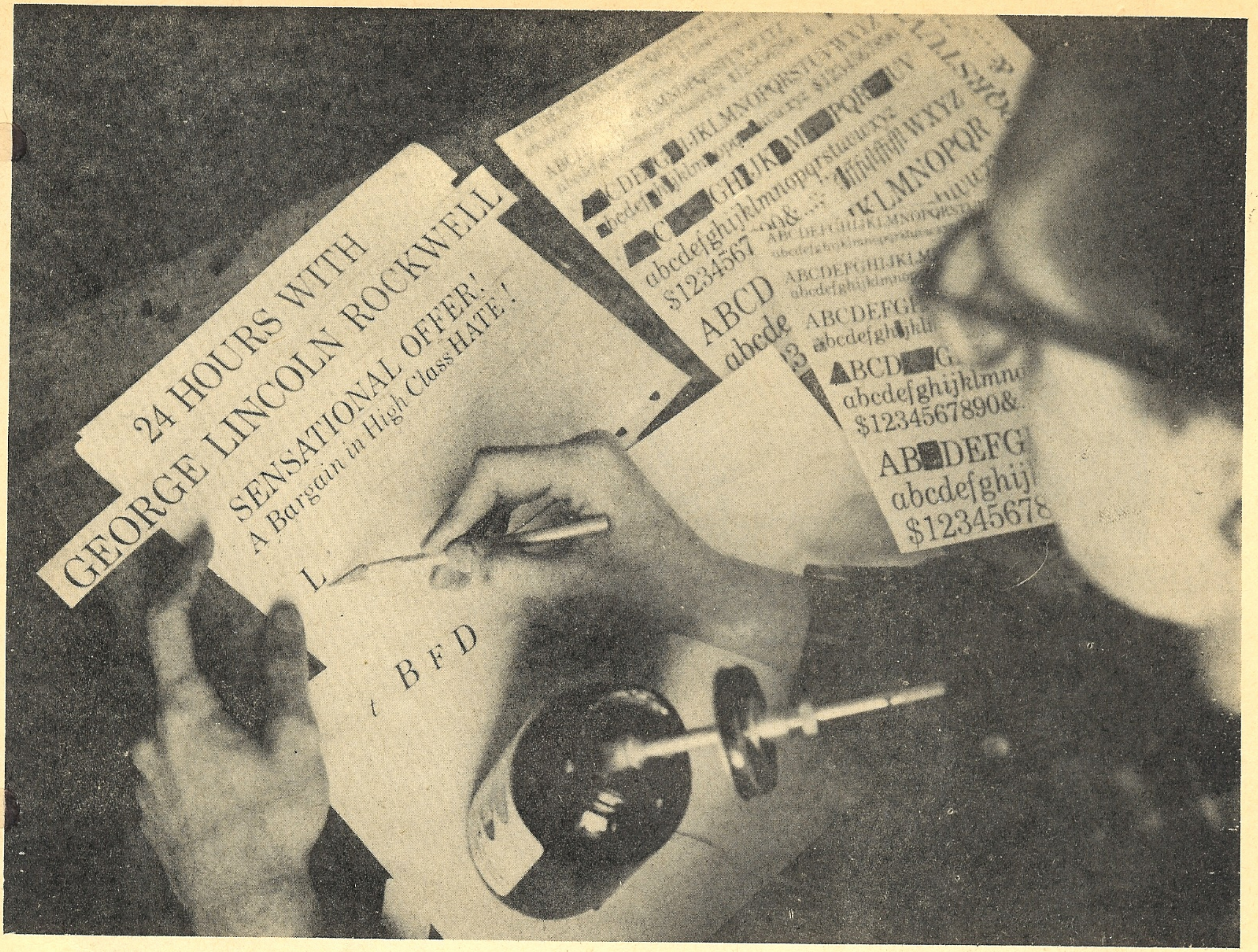
does not realize, I am sure, that the head of this organization is a gentleman who got on TV in Montgomery, Alabama, the day before the NSRP convention and proudly announced that the Minutemen gladly accept all races, creeds and COLORS! She also does not know how pitiful are the RESULTS of the Minuteman operation on a great kid like Don Branch, who was also "armed to the teeth"--and is now doing TWENTY YEARS in Florida because of Minuteman doctrines of lawlessness. He has written me what a mistake THAT is, but this good lady doesn't know that. She is simply frustrated for some ACTION, and thinks men running around in the weeds with guns is helping. There are many letters from "patriots" telling me "how to do it," to get rid of the swastika and name "Nazi," to "blast" Jesus, to be more religious, to help the Communists (!), (we actually have a jerk in Florida who keeps sending us mail from his Nazi-Communist Party!!!). There are the usual Jewish threats that I will be dead by Sunday--Monday, the 21st, etc., etc.--and plenty of mail from "conservatives" blasting me as a "red" or Jew-tool. There are Nazi newspapers from Sweden and Ireland in this mail, and both are very kind in their compliments to me and the Party. There are also clippings from all over the world, Dublin, Sydney, London, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Orlando--everywhere, of the dramatic photo of Dave Peterson being "rescued" by cops when he tried to picket the Jew ADL in Miami. There is a letter smuggled out of Spring Hill Prison in London from Colin Jordan, discussing arrangements for our International Nazi Congress this summer.



At left, the incredible home-made gadget we have used (instead of a vacuum frame and arch light) to make all the plates for even the finest printing jobs we have turned out!

0845 Over to headquarters with mail. Duty officer reports a rock attack during night, and a School Zone "Policeman" sign was stolen and placed on our front porch. I check with police department to be sure reports have all been made. I call an equipment company to see why a part we ordered and paid for over a month ago, and is holding up the book. They tell me for the one hundredth time it is "on the way." I inspect the Duty Officer's night log, and find there have been several calls I am to return. A San Francisco TV station wants me to come out there for a live interview. A drunk called for me collect from Tennessee about 2 a.m. The call was, of course, refused. (This goes on all the time.) A man representing himself as General Walker called collect from Houston. But the Duty Officer is wise to this rich Jew who travels around the Country doing this all the time.

0915 Lt. Davids and his printing crew report that the press won't turn on. I go downstairs to investigate. The switch is burned out. I call the supplier. They don't have one but will order it. Meanwhile, we are again held up on a huge commercial printing job we had to take to survive, with



Another demonstration of how we do so much with so little! Lt. Davids cuts out letters we have pasted up from other alphabets and pastes them together to make all our headlines. In this way, our work looks professional and we have saved, over the years, many thousands of dollars in type-setting costs!

our funds just about cut off by the lies of the Jews and the multiplicity of mushroom "right-wing" organizations. (The printing job is for a big international outfit which has no IDEA where their material is being printed! They would DROP DEAD if they knew I personally did most of it!) Capt. Ryan calls me to ask if we can get at the STORMTROOPER which has been press-ready now for three weeks, but has been held up by this commercial job. I tell him we can't even do the commercial job until we fix the press. Decide to try a "jury-rig" switch, with shims inserted in the bare switch to make it work. It does--but we get shocks all the time. Install a rubber mat on the floor to stop this. They go ahead on the commercial job as best they can, until Stormtrooper Lloyd gets a call from Richmond, and has to hurry down there for an emergency.

1000 Lieutenant Forbes calls me to tell me he has a letter at the barracks from Federal Court in Philadelphia. The Jews are making every kind of motion to harrass us and drive us out of court with expenses in our suit for conspiracy, false arrest and false imprisonment. We have no lawyer and no funds. I have to work out the legal answers. I tell Forbes to go down to the Library of Congress Law Library to get the information we need. He tells me he can't. The old Plymouth won't run. Lt. Welch has our '53 Caddy, we need. He used the only dime at the barracks to call me on the pay phone -- all we can manage to afford. I tell him to walk the two miles to the HQ and I will try to get him a ride or busfare. He starts.

1010 Duty Officer calls me from downstairs. Will I talk to an important visitor? Man LOOKS impressive. I come down. He introduces himself, and then takes out a big chart which he spreads on Duty Officer's desk. Tells me it is THE key to "victory". Shows the WHOLE conspiracy. Seems it is NOT the Jews behind what is going on -- it is the CATHOLICS, (like the Rosenbergs,

Lt. Foss eating what is laughingly called "dinner"--beans, fatback, "Johnny cake" (home-made corn bread) and coffee. The only good thing about the diet around here is that we don't miss much when we go to jail.

Spingarn, Soble, etc. etc., I suppose?)! Gets wild when I don't go for this nutty line. Claims he knows WHY our people are acting so stupidly, which they are. Says it is nasty little "spirits" who lie in wait on chairs and sneak up people's rectums (!!!) so help me -- when they sit down. I get mad and blast him. Same old stuff. Each visitor knows THE way to "do it" -- and they get outraged when you ask them why they are not then DOING IT THEMSELVES. The visitor offers to PROVE his garbage to me. Tells me to watch his arm while he rubs. Asks me if I can't see "them". I ask what. He says "spirits" They can't stand it when I rub and they come out! I have the Duty Officer escort this lunatic out of the house, and shoo the troops back to work. (They can't resist stopping work and watching when these nuts show up and I blast them.)

1040 Anonymous call from Washington, D.C., telling us there is a meeting of Jews, Niggers and Unitarians to promote more race-mixing in the schools, and can we picket. I regretfully tell the caller we simply CAN'T demonstrate -- everybody is working on a commercial printing job and has been for two weeks. We must have the cash to survive, so the Jews go unpicketed.

1045 Major Allen asks me what to do about the Jan. - Feb. STORMTROOPER, of which more than a thousand STILL have not been mailed because of lack of postage. With the next STORMTROOPER already overdue, we decide to hock our camera for postage. I send Capt. Ryan, who is our toughest man dealing with Jews, down to hock-shop row with our precious camera in the old Caddy, and give instructions for Ralph Forbes to be taken to Library of Congress on same trip.

1100 Students from a midwestern university call to tell me they are trying to arrange for a speech there, but they have been unofficially threatened with expulsion and even beatings if they press the matter. I tell them not to risk it -- let the pressure build up of itself among the students as they see the opposite stand of the administration toward COMMUNIST speakers and ANTI-communist speakers.

1110 Call from Lt. James, Officer-in-Charge in Chicago Headquarters. The Jews have brought so much pressure on the landlord there that he has been stuck by the city with more than $3000 to repair phoney "zoning" violations. Now he has brought three legal actions to evict us, and they are all coming to a head. He is decent, however, and only wants out. He will sell to us for only a $ 2000 down payment -- Can we raise it? I tell Lt. James we will damned sure try, and will get out an appeal. He tells me it has to be before the end of March. I promise to get it out on time -- with my fingers crossed.

1120 I go over the "horror" bills with Major Allen and Lt. Welch. We are only days away from being cut off on electricity at both HQ and barracks and they are threatening to remove our pay phone at HQ. (We keep that as a private number to keep a line open -- as the Jews raise hell on the regular party line all day and most of the night. It is often busy for hours.) Major Allen says he thinks he can hold off another five days with a few dollars. I tell him to do his best -- as he always does.

1135 Lt. Davids reports fuses blowing and press won't work. I check. We need an experienced electrician, but can't pay. A Marine at Camp Lejeune has promised large contribution to help. I call him in desperation. He loyally says he will get a check on the way. Meanwhile, we are shot down on printing.

1150 Telegram arrives from ex-member John Patler, who turned on the party. Wants to get back in. Members who were hurt by this man protest vigorously. I agree with them, but agree to allow Patler to visit HQ.

1200 Lt. Welch musters enough to get bread and bologna for sandwhiches.

1210 While I am eating the sandwich, call comes in from California. Three factions out there bitterly squabbling. I try to keep everybody cool until I can make some sense out of it all.

1215 Afternoon mail arrives. After more than three weeks, first proofs of four pages of my book arrive. The good man who has been trying to get them set has been having extreme difficulty with his typesetters, as might be imagined. But meanwhile we are desperate to start work on the book and the man who has paid for the paper and material is worried too. There are a lot of errors and corrections. I do these and send them back down for resetting.

1310 A friend of the party, who has contributed generously, arrives in a cab. He is about half shot with whiskey and is carrying a bottle. I greet him warmly, but ask him to please leave the bottle outside. Liquor and drinking are not allowed in our Headquarters or barracks. He becomes highly insulted. I try to explain to him, but he takes it as a personal insult. He leaves in another cab, vowing vengeance.

1330 Call from Miami - McClure, who opened up our HQ there, is out of jail on bail, and the party has arranged a temporary retreat for his wife and three babies. He has been badly beaten by Negro prisoners and hospitalized. Prison officials explain he "fell out of bed". Roger Foss' suit is hanging by a thread there as the Jews apply all kinds of bonds and depositions for which we have no money.

1345 Call from an Arlington official who favors the Party. Informs me that the Jews are out to "get" the local "DA" because he has refused to to try another illegal prosecution against me, after he failed at this four years ago. Theyhave sent a "tough" Jew down from the New York area to buy the local paper and start the machinery to "cremate" the DA.

1350 Call from Ralph Forbes at Library of Congress. His legal research shows that we ha have lost heavily in a big round in the court battle in Philadelphia because, for almost two weeks, we didn't have the seven dollars and a half to pay the Federal Court for an official copy of one of the judge's orders in the case. Now the time limit for appeal has theoretically expired. Ralph's petition to file as a pauper (and thus beat the usual Jewish demands for bonds which we can never furnish) has been denied by the District Court and we must appeal this too.

1355 While I am on the phone, a group of college students comes in and is greeted by the Duty Officer. One has a beard, the women look like a Charles Adams cartoon witch, and they are obviously the scummiest type of "liberals". I speak to them courteously, however, and answer their questions. They are disgustingly ignorant and even more disgustingly conceited of their "knowledge" of everything in general. One of them sneeringly tells me how "rotten" Mein Kampf is, etc. -- so I let him "have it" with both barrels. I start asking him questions about it in front of his companions and prove brutally that he has never read a word of it for all of his obnoxious attitude of "superiority". I blast him for the simpering, cowardly, ignorant, disgraceful creep that he is. They all sit stunned. I am heated and a little mad, now, and drive in the full enormity of their ignorance and their utter immersion in the Jewish "liberal" line of empty platitudes and garbage about "brotherhood", "tolerance", etc. They squirm but take it lying down as I have learned these wretched fakers always do. My boys hover around with undisguised delight on their faces . Most of my lads have not had the "advantages" of a modern Marxist liberal education and thoroughly enjoy it when I show up these miserable products of our institutions of "higher learning". I wind up with a bang, tell them I have to excuse myself, assure them I am grateful they at least had the intellectual honesty to come and see us for themselves, and slip out the door -- for a breath of air.

1340 Back to the barracks to see how work on the book and the commercial job is going. The boys are getting the books they are putting together dirty with fingerprints. When I protest, they point out there is no water to wash, and they are doing the best they can. I am forced to agree.

1345 I lock myself in my room to write the speeches for the college and for the long-playing record.

1410 Call from our most faithful supporter in D.C. -- We talk about half an hour.

1445 I see Captain Koehl out in the passageway scrubbing while I am on the phone. He is in charge of manufacture and production of thousands of copies of THIS TIME THE WORLD, runs the Vinland Bookstore in Chicago by mail, handles all my speeches and college engagements, checks our legislative affairs and a lot of other extremely important duties. I ask him why he has to scrub and he tells me a neighbor brought us a bucket of rain water and there is nobody else here to do it.

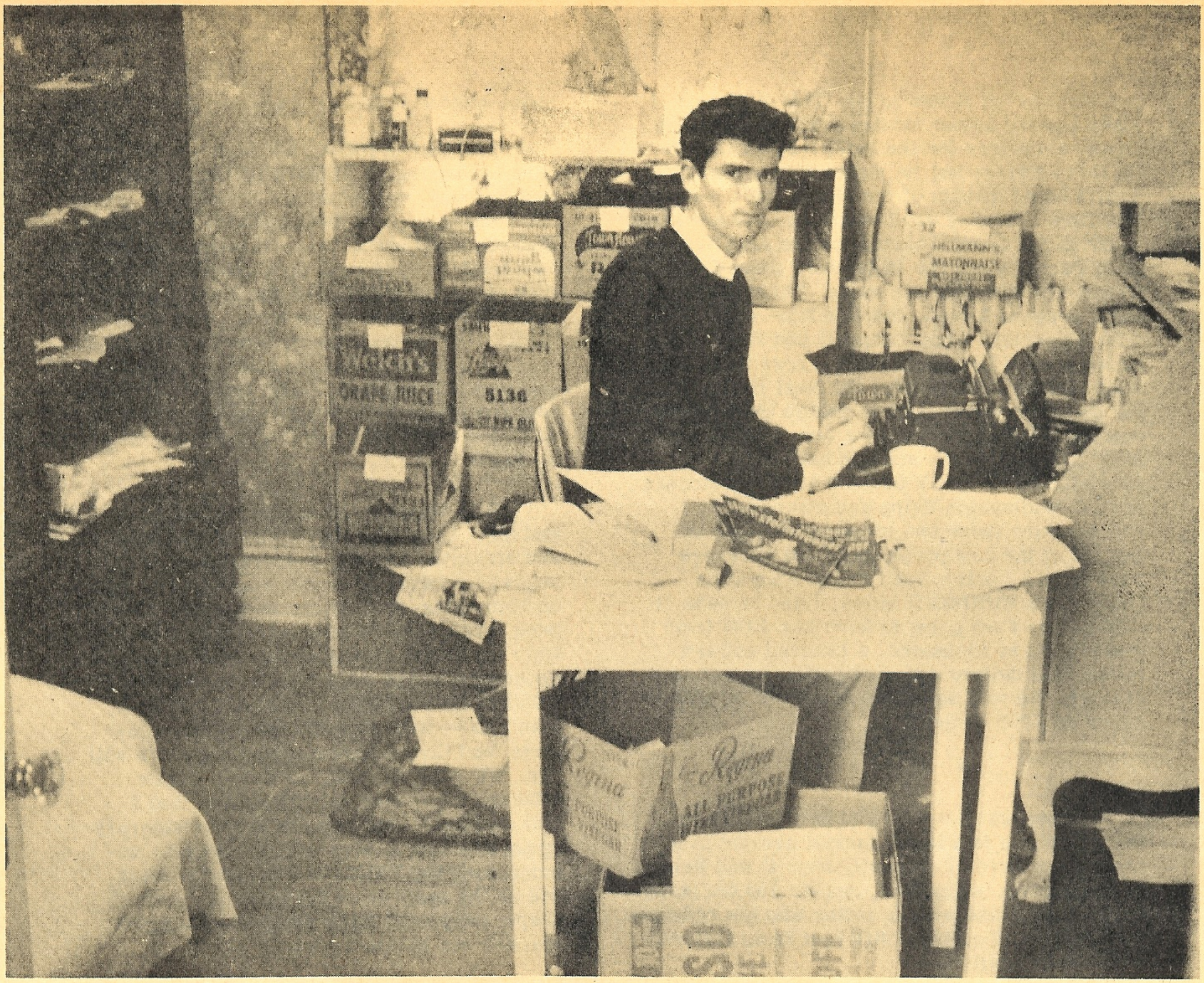
1450 Back to my room to write.

1500 Barracks mail is brought up. Capt Ryan receives, from a loyal member, the latest attack on my person and the Party by Warner and Fields, who are now trying to make me out a pet of the Federal Courts and, I presume, by implication, an integrationist. We laugh, somewhat bitterly, at the feebleness of this attack. But it hurts -- not only to have fellow racists trying to hurt us, with lies -- but because so many shallow people BELIEVE these lies -- and help support liars with their money -- while starving the brave fighters here. In the same mail is an UTTERLY VICIOUS attack on us in the "Jewish Press", -- the voice of "Torah Jewry", calling for all out WAR against us, as the most "deadly" and "vicious" of all the "hate- men".

1515 Back to try to type. Another call from Miami. The Jew attack on us has driven many of our supporters away in horror. Our brave men are without funds or help. Finally get in touch with a loyal old front-fighter in a nearby city and get them some help. Talk it over with Major Allen, and decide to send him down there to see what can be salvaged from the debacle. We agree to put out the story that he is in Chicago to prevent more Jew dirty work. Question of how he is to get there. Consider the usual thumbing, but decide that would be TOO much, if the Deputy Commander were caught and publicized. Manage to borrow a tiny sports car and enough money for gas to get him started into the combat area.

1630 Back to work on the speeches.

1745 Frank Niles sneaks up to my room and tells me there is water -- and not only that -- but HOT water. Haven't been able to bathe in a week. So I take him up on the



The "office" and "bedroom" of Captain Ryan--right next to my room. Note the grocery box "filing system," the rickety equipment and the wretched sagging cot, a corner of which can be seen projecting into the lower left corner of the picture.

offer of a shower -- but chide him for favoritism. We are all supposed to take turns on the precious bath time.

1800 Gong bangs for "dinner" -- beans and fat-back, potatoes, corn-bread and coffee. The troops gather for this utterly unappetizing chow, as bad as any I have ever had in any jail, but they take it with amazingly good spirit. Frank has done his best seasoning it and trying to make it tasty -- but it is still the same old BEANS we have eaten for weeks.

1830 Start a game of chess with Frank Niles while the assigned troopers do the KP.

1835 Call from Duty Officer at HQ. Two car-loads of young hoods throwing rocks at the building. I ask if he has called the cops. He has. While I am talking to him, he tells me the squad car drives up and the hoods run. He goes out to make an official report of the incident.

1840 Visitor drives in from Cleveland, Ohio. I welcome him, and turn him over to Capt. Ryan for a tour and a place to sleep.

1930 Finally complete game of chess with Niles. He vows vengeance for the thrashing I gave him. I start dictating letters.

2045 Finish letters, prepare to turn in and watch TV for a while.

2110 Call from a drunk in Atlanta. Says he is a member of the NSRP, and he is a NAZI, by God! -- But I damned well better never say so or he'll "bust my haid wide open!" Keeps alternating between saying he is my friend, but is also fixin' to "bust my haid wide open." Goes on for twenty-five minutes.

2140 To bed watching TV. -- Fall asleep, too damned tired to keep my eyes open.

0200 Pay phone in hallway rings. Captain Ryan, who sleeps next-door, answers. It is Sydney, Australia. Graeme Royce, (also half pickled, I suspect). He declares he is a Nazi forever, and thanks God for my leadership, etc. etc. I thank him, tell him things are going well and stumble off to bed again. This time I can't sleep and lay awake for hours thinking up new "hate" surprises for the Jews. Miserable to lie there awake, but its worth it in one way. That's how I thought of the "Hate Bus", -- and this time I think of another stroke. We are about to put in for a new Charter for the American Nazi Party, since the legislature passed an illegal law changing our name. I have all the legal weapons I need. But this time we'll do it with a flourish. Andy Chappell just RAN fifty miles around Lafayette Park across from the White House to show what the Nazi Party can do for the White race. And, although the President emerged from church only a few yards away as Andy ran past on his sixtieth half-mile lap, the press COMPLETELY blacked out this evidence of Nazi wholesome living and strength. So I will combine these two projects and beat the life out of the Jew press liars and silencers once more! I determined to ask Andy if he could run a HUNDRED miles, (and he says he CAN) -- so I am going to have him RUN from Washington to Richmond, a hundred and ten miles, and deliver our application for our new charter. We will see if the Jews will be able to cover up THIS project!

* * * * *

Those who have visited here will know that the above is a bare, factual account of a typical day here. I earnestly hope it will help each member, supporter, reader and correspondent to understand a little better why his relationship with us is entirely different from that with ANY other outfit.

Nobody in his right mind would expect a Marine general to keep up with his correspondence, greet visitors with court ceremonies, etc. in the middle of landing on enemy held territory.

And that is EXACTLY what we are doing here -- landing on ENEMY HELD TERRITORY. Imagine what would happen to you today -- as you read this, -- if YOU publicly advertised that you were out to convict and gas millions of Jew traitors, you hung up a swastika and a picture of Adolph Hitler and opened up a PUBLIC headquarters such as we have. You would be at WAR! So are we! And we have survived in that war for almost five years now -- almost without ammunition, without enough food, without supplies, and especially without any real encouragement from our OWN SIDE! In fact, our side is ATTACKING us TOO!

It is tempting sometimes to sit down and quit. I am literally using up my health and strength, fighting desperately for an ungrateful bunch of people who lie about me on both sides. One by one supporters have been lured away by let's-win-quick schemes. Only the fanatical dedication of the young men around me keeps me going. I am LOYAL TO THEM. They suffer a hundred times more than I do -- and offer ME what little comforts and favors they can scrounge. We will win. WE ARE winning, as the desperate attacks of the Jews clearly shows. And I feel confident that in spite of the temporary agony and lack of support, our dogged, uncompromising FIGHT will sooner or later win us the respect -- and support -- we so desperately need from the good Americans who see our national peril.

In the meantime, I ask all who can understand what I have tried so hard to write down here to PITCH IN AND HELP FIGHT!

SENSATIONAL OFFER!
A Bargain in High Class "HATE"!

To reach more NEW Americans, we now make a special offer to readers and subscribers. For every full year's subscription to the ROCKWELL REPORT (always mailed first class in sealed, unmarked envelopes), WE WILL SEND ANOTHER FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO ANY PERSON YOU DESIGNATE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

If you are already a subscriber, now is the time to extend your subscription for one full year. Or you can have the ROCKWELL REPORT mailed to any college library you designate or to a friend or relative. If you like, we will include a card from you as the donor.

Help build the movement and publications which are putting new fight and hope in White Christian Americans! DON'T MISS THIS ONCE-A-YEAR SENSATIONAL FREE OFFER! Fill out and mail the special coupon with your $ 10 check or money order NOW!

ROCKWELL REPORT, Box 1381, Arlington, Va., U.S.A.

Yes, I want to help FIGHT! I enclose $ 10 for (__) a renewal of my subscription, or (__) a one year's subscription to the ROCKWELL REPORT for:

Name:

Address:

I will expect an additional FREE year's subscription to be mailed first class to:

Name:

Address: